

The history

Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take
Antenor, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon
Antenor. I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone?
tell me sweet Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been
borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentle-
man, a plague vpon *Antenor*.

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the
matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou
art chang'd for *Antenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee
gone from *Troilus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee
cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no lorie, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troilus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troilus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. I feare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyces with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troilus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphob, Antih, Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her deliuey to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*,

Antih

Aeneas

Tell

of Troilus and C

Tell you the Lady what she is to
And haue her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian pri
And to his hand when I deliue
Thinke it an altar, and thy bro
A priest there offering to it his o

Paris. I know what tis to lo
And would, as I shall pittie I cou
Pleafe you walke in my Lords

Enter Pandarus a

Pan: Be moderate, be mode

Cress. Why tell you me of m
The greife is fine, full, perfect
And violenteth in a sence as str
As that which causeth it, how
If I could temporize with my aff
Or brew it to a weake and coul
The like alayment could I giue
My loue admittes no qualifin
No more my grieife in such a pr

Enter Troy

Pan. Here, here, here he come

Cres. Oh *Troilus*, *Troilus*.

Pan. What a paire of spectacl
Oh heart, as the goodly saying
why sighst thou without break
gaine, because thou canst not ea
nor by speaking: therewas ne
way nothing, for wee may liue
We see it, we see it, how now la

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so
That the blest Gods as angry w
More bright in zeale then the
Cold lippes blow to their dietie

Cres. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, tis to plaine a case

Cres. And is it true that I mu

Tell

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